FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

"THE BADGE OF SILENCE."

How a Wise Grandmother Punished a Fretful, Impatient Child.

Perhaps you young people might think our grandmother harsh, children are so petted and spoilt nowadays. But she was a dear, good old lady, and well it was we fell into her hands when our sweet young mother died. John, little Davy and I—my name was Elizabeth, but the boys called me Bess—went to live in the old home when I was about ten years old, and I do not in the least doubt that the next two years were the very hardest of grandma's life. I know I must have been a terrible trial, and how she could have been as patient, I do not see. I was not only a very selfish child, but impatient and overbearing. I would not endure the least bit of teasing from the boys, and yet almost tormented the life out of them.

One morning it had been raining since breakfast, and we were all three in rather a gloomy mood. Grandma had reproved me more times than I can remember for speaking in a cross, ugly way, for teasing and aggravating the boys, and at last with a heavy sigh she said, in a solemn tone: "I see there is no help for it, Elizabeth; I have tried every other means; you must wear 'The Badge of Silence.' I used it for your Uncle John once; he never deeded it again, but it has lain ever since in my chest of drawers."

Her tone was so serious, her face so gloomy and hopeless, I could scarcely have felt more shocked or puzzled had she proposed using the guillotine. "The Badge of Silence!" What could it be. It had not killed Uncle John, though, for I had seen him only the day before, and he looked strong and well. My brothers John and Davy seemed almost as much impressed by grandma's manner as I was, and, like myself, were watching her movements with the keenest anxiety.

Very slowly she crossed the room as if on some important errand, opened the bottom drawer of the chest, and after removing several articles drew from its depths a vivid red cotton handkerchief; there were bright yellow spots all over it, and the thing was so ugly that I instinctively shrank as she came with it towards me. She laid it carefully on the table, folded it from two opposite corners, made a bias bandage and placing it under my chin, drew the two ends up over my head and tied them in a secure knot.

"Now," she said, gravely, "it must be as though you were dumb; you must not speak a word under any circumstances. Perhaps by giving your tongue an entire rest it may lose the habit of speaking in such a sinful manner. Alas! the tongue is an unruly member; you are not to use it again the whole day. I trust that will prove sufficient, and that you need not wear the badge to-morrow."

At first I could scarcely believe it true, I, Bess, the willful, petted Bess, standing in the middle of the floor, a red cotton handkerchief bound about my face as if afflicted with the toothache, and John and Davy, their solemnity all vanished, standing in the corner slyly laughing at me. This, then, this horrid old handkerchief, was the Badge of Silence. In my anger and indignation I almost wished it had been the guillotine instead, and that my head had been actually cut off. I opened my lips to ask if I might go to my room, but grandma's warning finger reminded me of her hope that the badge would not be needed to-morrow, and I closed them again. She gently led me to a seat by the window, placed a glass of water by my side, then returned to her rocking-chair and knitting.

I could see that John was almost suffocating with mirth, that his handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth, and that he was shaking all over, but I pretended not to look at him and turned towards the window, quite forgetting that I could be easily seen from the village street. Directly my best friend, Fannie Lewis, came hurrying by under an umbrella, the rain had almost ceased now, and, looking up suddenly, she came hastening in. Before she had reached the room my cheeks were scarlet and my whole heart in a tumult of rebellion. I looked up, but grandma lifted her finger and I did not dare move.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" exclaimed Fannie, bursting into the room; "are you suffering much, Bess; when did it begin to hurt you?"

But grandma interrupted: "I am sorry, too, dear, it isn't a tooth hurting her, but a very bad temper and an unruly tongue. I am trying to cure her with the Badge of Silence. She will be glad to see you another day."

With a perplexed face Fannie retired, and horrified lest some one else might discover me I turned from the window.

Only a little later, when the rain had quite ceased, Aunt Grace came dashing up in her pretty carriage; she had come to take me out to the florist's two miles in the country to buy plants. But "no," said grandma very positively. "She is wearing the Badge of Silence; she would hardly like to go with it about her head. You remember the day your brother John wore it, do you not, Grace?"

Aunt Grace assented, and there was an odd, suspicious look about the corners of her lips, but she hastened away. The dinner-bell rang, and mine was brought on a tray by a mischievous little servant, who giggled outright when she saw me. I did not taste a thing, and sat in sullen silence during the whole afternoon. At last the twilight came, the boys were playing in the yard, and I quite alone in the darkened chamber; I heard their merry voices and the low hum of grandma's voice in conversation with a visitor on the piazza.

Oh, what a lonely, desolate place the world seemed to me that night, but I began to think. Why was it—how did my trouble come—why was I not with the boys laughing away the perfumed twilight? Alas, I began to realize it was all my own fault. The trouble was the result of my own sin, and the boys were probably happier without than with me.

When these thoughts at last made their way through my brain, a torrent of tears came with them. I bowed my head on my arms on the broad window seat and quivered under the storm of grief, contrition and mortification which swept over me.

I did not remember ever in all the eleven years of my life to have felt so before, and doubtless the long, silent day had much to do with it. I recognized for the first time that sin will surely bring its own punishment, sooner or later. If we are unkind, disagreeable and selfish, the time will come when we will miss the love that our own conduct has banished. If we are cross and uncharitable in conversation the time will come when we will sit silent in our home, needing companionship. It is no small ambition to aim at winning the love of all about us, for this will be only a stepping-stone to the love of our Heavenly Father. At last, when my tears had spent themselves, I felt a cool, soft hand on my tear-stained cheek. I did not move until grandma drew a chair to my side—then I threw my arms about her neck and humbly begged her forgiveness.

I will not tell you all her gentle words, but when I lay down that night in my own little bed there was a new feeling in my heart, a new life and ambition. I never wore the Badge of Silence again, but for a long time it was frequently brought to my mind, and I assure you I needed the reminder. My hot temper and unreasonable impatience would sometimes get the better of me, and I needed to recall the pain of that sad day and the better thoughts and resolutions of the twilight hour. Perhaps this little story may lead some children to think more of the love that surrounds them, and try to win it by gentleness and goodness, rather than turn it away by unkindness and ill temper.—*Annah R. Watson, in N. Y. Observer.*

BARBARA'S LESSON.

How a Little Girl Was Taught That She Should Care for Her Aged Grandparents.

"Barbara!" The little rosy-cheeked owner of that name was lying on the lounge in the sitting-room, very much interested in reading "Dotty Dimple."

"I s'pose grandpa's lost his cane most likely," she said to herself. "It seems as if he is the most forgetfulest man I ever saw. I most believe he hides his hat and cane when he comes in so's to have me hunt 'em up. May be he don't, but it seems so."

"Barbara!" called again grandpa's quivering voice.

"I'm coming," said Barbara, just to quiet her conscience, for she knew very well grandpa could not hear her.

"I just want to finish this chapter, and besides, grandma thinks you go out too much," added the naughty girl to herself.

Then she went on with her reading, but she did not enjoy it any more, so she put it away, and went to see what was wanted of her.

"Grandpa called you to go down to the store with him," said grandma. "He wanted some pep'mint drops for his cold, but he's so forgetful I don't like to trust him alone, and I had to let him take a ten-dollar bill because there wasn't any change. I do hope he won't lose it! You didn't hear him call, did you, Barbara?"

"I—O grandma, just see that robin in the plum tree! And here comes grandpa all right!"

"I don't know," said Grandma Grey, going to the door. "He looks as if he was in trouble, or something."

"O grandpa," faltered Barbara, "what is the matter?"

"You haven't lost the money, I hope," added grandma, anxiously.

But the old man did not answer. He dropped down on the nearest chair, and began to turn his pockets inside out nervously. "I don't know, mother," he said, with a hopeless look. "I'm afraid—I can't seem to remember, but I'm pretty sure I put it in my pocket when I paid for the things. Yes, I'm pretty sure, but 'tisn't here."

"Well," said grandma, wiping her eyes on her apron, "you are too old to go to the store alone. I don't know how we can spare the money, but there will be some way. Don't feel bad, father. We don't need many things," and the dear old lady smiled through her tears, and took up her knitting.

Poor Barbara! She felt as if she could never be happy again. For, notwithstanding her heedless ways, she had a tender heart, and dearly loved her grandparents, who had taken her, a feeble baby, from her dying mother's arms, and been to her all that father and mother could be. How much she owed them! She knew very well the ten-dollar bill could not be spared without sacrifice.

She slipped quietly out of the house, and went down the village street, looking carefully as she went; but she saw nothing of the money, and her heart grew heavier every moment, and the hot tears dropped on the bright leaves at her feet. She reached the grocery where grandpa went to trade, and went in, asking, in a trembling tone: "O, Mr. Cummings, did Grandpa Grey"——

Before she could finish her question the grocer answered: "Yes, he left his change on the counter, and he got out of sight before I could call him. Here it is, Barbara, but he is too old—your grandpa is—to go about alone."

"I know it; it was all my fault," said the little girl. "I'll never let him go again. Thank you, dear Mr. Cummings, for keeping the change," and Barbara hurried home with the money held firmly in her hand, and, wiping the tears from her eyes, she cried:

"It's all right, grandpa! I've got it here in my hand—don't you see? I heard you calling me all the time, too, and pretended not to hear; but I'll never in all my life be so naughty again, if you'll only forgive me."

"You are a good little girl, Barbara," said grandpa.

But Grandma Grey took off her spectacles and wiped them carefully; then she bent down and kissed the little girl's flushed, penitent face, and said: "I hope it will be a lesson to you, my dear child, for grandpa and grandma are growing old, and you will have to take care of them now.—*Julia D. Peck, in Youth's Companion.*

ECONOMY OF LABOR.

How Thoughtful Farmers Can Without Much Trouble Increase Their Income.

Labor is now the most valuable marketable commodity, and must be expended and used with the greatest economy. Material is cheaper than ever before as compared with the quantity of labor required to produce it, and economy of material is a secondary consideration in farm work. The use of machinery has greatly cheapened the products of labor and at the same time has made labor worth more, because it is made more productive. For instance, by the use of machines a farmer may now plant and finish six acres of potatoes in a day. He can keep the soil quite free from weeds if he has only the promptness and skill to use the machines made for this purpose. He can harvest the six acres of potatoes with a potato digger, clear the ground and have it sown with wheat in one week, and by the use of boxes holding one bushel each, and large wagons holding sixty-six bushels or two tons, can draw the loads to market and get the whole work ended in the week.

Let us contrast this with the common way of doing this work and note the difference. At planting time the farmer cuts his seed, furrows out the land, drops the seed, covers it with the plow, or in the majority of cases with the hoe and then fights the weeds with the hoe and cultivator through the season. The crop is taken out with the plow or with the hoe; picked up and thrown in heaps on the ground and buried in pits perhaps for the winter; when the spring comes the sound ones are picked out from the rotten ones into a half bushel, put into bags, and taken away for sale. Or the potatoes are sorted out of the heaps, the larger ones are put in bags and carted to the cellar or root house, where they are again handled and picked over before they are disposed of. A good many rotten ones are thrown out, and finally they are put into bags once more. When they are sold they are measured through a half bushel and once more handled.

By this method the potatoes are sold at a large loss if all this labor is counted up at one dollar a day. By the other method there is a very good profit at even twenty-five cents a bushel. The same facts will apply to other work on the farm as well as to the disposal of the products. We do not refer to the loss and waste of material by feeding poor stock or by neglect of work at the proper season, but merely to the loss of time and labor for want of the best arrangements for conducting the business of the farm. The small grain crops, for instance, which farmers complain of as being unprofitable may be grown, harvested and disposed of with much less labor than is usually expended upon them. Thrashing in the ordinary manner and the storing of grain in granaries, where it suffers from vermin and waste, and the frequent handling before it is marketed, all cost as much in extra and unnecessary labor as would make a considerable proportion of the price received for it. A farmer who thrashes out his grain from the field when it is dry and bags it and keeps it in the bags instead of pouring it out into bins and measuring it into bags again, saves time and labor enough to pay for the bags, and by disposing of it at once will mostly save more labor and money as well. Some say the bags will be torn and the wheat damaged by rats and mice. This is a most lame and impotent excuse, for no farmer should suffer himself to be made a prey by these insignificant vermin, which damage him and not his bags or grain. And this affords another instance of how and where labor can be saved by having his buildings vermin proof so that he can leave bags of grain safely without being compelled to build costly bins and handle the grain over and over again.

There is no other crop over which so much labor is wasted as the corn crop. It is necessarily a laborious work to harvest corn, but if the principle is applied to it of doing no more than is absolutely necessary, and of handling it as little as possible, one-half the labor can be saved. A few points may be given in this respect. First, as to the cutting. This should be done with a heavy, sharp knife, one blow of which will cut off the whole hill, and the stalks should be cut close to the ground. This is where the fodder is saved for in-door feeding. A shocking horse is then used for building the shocks. This is a pole about ten feet long, having a pin three feet long put loosely through it two feet from the end, and a pair of legs to raise the end about four feet from the ground placed five feet from the end. This being set up, the stalks are placed in the four corners thus made so as to stand firmly until the shock is bound. The binding is done with twine bands, as follows: A wooden pin, like a long skewer—the cross-piece of the shocking horse may be used if one end is pointed—is pushed through the shock and the loop of one end of a piece of light rope is slipped over it; the free end of the rope is carried around the shock and passed through the loop and is drawn tight. The cord band is then put on and one end drawn through a noose, and a slip knot is made. This all takes less time to do than to read it. Second, as to the husking. A husking tool should be used having a board seat on each side, so that two huskers can work at the shock at the same time, while it rests on the stool. As the ears are husked they should be thrown in boxes made for this purpose and for harvesting potatoes and roots, and each holding a heaped bushel level with the edge. These boxes are the most convenient things about the farm and save their cost every year. They are made of three-quarter-inch strips three inches wide, and are eighteen inches long, thirteen inches wide and twelve inches deep, thus having a capacity of 2,800 cubic inches, and holding a full bushel, when filled level on the top so that one box will sit upon another firmly. As these boxes are filled and shaken down they can be lifted in a wagon box, which should hold two tiers, and drawn to the crib. Here they are emptied with ease, and at least half the time spent in the common manner is saved by the use of these boxes alone. Third, as to the crib. More corn is wasted in the crib than would pay taxes on all the farms in the United States. The rain spoils a large quantity, and vermin consume and damage more. To save the corn from vermin it may be lined with one-quarter-inch galvanized wire netting of a strong kind, and to keep out rain it should have a wide, tight roof. It may be urged that all this costs money. Certainly it costs some money, but the most of the cost is the labor of providing these things, and if the farmer were to work for one year on the principle of encouraging labor in these and other ways which will occur to him, the money to procure these things with will not be wanting.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

HORSES AS NOVELTIES.

The First That Were Seen by the Astonished Sandwich Islanders.

In 1803 Captain Richard Cleveland, of Salem, took to the Sandwich Islands several horses, an event thus recorded in his life by his son:

Touching at Cape St. Lucas, where they purchased "another pretty mare with foal," for which they paid in goods which cost in Europe one and a-half dollars, they took their departure on the 30th of May and arrived at Karakakooa bay, Sandwich Islands, on the 21st of June. They found it was the season of a period cal taboo, during which no canoes were allowed to stir; but the next day John Young came on board and told them that the King was at Mowee.

Young was very desirous of having one of the horses, and, thinking that the probability of their increase would be better secured by leaving them in different places, they next day moved to Tooagah bay, near Young's residence, and landed the mare, of which he took charge. This was the first horse ever seen in Owyhee, and naturally excited great astonishment among the natives.

From here they went to Mowee and were first boarded by Isaac Davis, who, with John Young, comprised at the time the European population of the islands.

Soon after a large double canoe came off, from which a powerfully-built, athletic man, nearly naked, came on board and was introduced by Davis as Tamaahmaah, the great King. His reception of them was not such as they had anticipated, nor could they account for his apparent coolness and lack of interest, except on the supposition that it was mere affectation. He took only a careless look at the horses, and returned to the shore without expressing any curiosity about them. His subjects, however, were not restrained by any desire to appear unconcerned. The news of the arrival of the wonderful animals spread rapidly, the decks were crowded with visitors, and next day, when they were landed, a great multitude had assembled, evidently with no definite conceptions of any use that could be made of them. As might be expected from people who had never seen a larger animal than a pig, they were at first afraid to approach them, and their amazement reached its climax when one of the sailors mounted the back of one of them and galloped up and down upon the beach. They were greatly alarmed at first, for the safety of the rider, but when they saw how completely he controlled the animal, and how submissively and quietly the latter exerted his powers in obedience to his will, they seemed to have a dawning conception of the value of such a possession and rent the air with shouts of admiration.

The King, however, could not be betrayed into any expression of wonder or surprise, and, although he expressed his thanks when told they were intended as a present to himself, he only remarked that he could not perceive that their ability to carry a man quickly from one place to another would be a sufficient compensation for the great amount of food they would necessarily require.—*Harper's Magazine.*

FEMININE DUPLICITY.

A Wealthy Woman Who Stole a Poor Girl's Talent and Money.

The meanest example of deceit and cupidity that ever came under my notice was that of the wife of a very wealthy man in a city that shall be nameless. He was an ignorant man, who had done nothing but make money until middle age, when he married a woman who was well educated and possessed of no accomplishments.

Her husband had set his heart on having an artist wife, and she set to work to please him.

Within two years Mrs. S. had on public exhibition some wonderfully beautiful oil paintings, which found ready sale at from five hundred dollars upward.

Her marvelous ability in mastering inside of two years an art that required other persons a life-time to become skilled in, made Mrs. S. the pride, not only of her husband, but of the city in which she lived. How could she have done it in so short a time? was asked by everybody, and it was generally attributed to a positive inspiration of genius. Her fame grew as a devoted wife, as well as that of an artist, because merely to please her husband she had developed an unsuspected talent.

Like many another wealthy and childless couple, they lived in a hotel. It happened that one window of my room was situated so that I could see into her studio, the light falling on her as she sat at her easel—not in front of it, but at the side. Another lady sat in front painting the pictures—a young girl, teacher of drawing and painting, whose talents were not recognized until Mrs. S. put her own name to her teacher's works. The young girl had lived in the most terrible poverty and obscurity until Mrs. S. hunted her up and offered her the magnificent sum of five dollars a lesson. That Mrs. S. was to have credit of the work done under the name of instruction was never even alluded to between teacher and pupil, and certain it is the wife of the rich man from first to last never drew one line nor painted any of the pictures that made her famous in her own city. She did not even divide the money the pictures brought with her teacher.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A California farmer who owns a separate water right recently refused $1,500 per inch for all he will sell from his canyon.

WON ON A FOUL.

Sanguine Encounter Between a Rat-Trap Peddler and a Detroit Clothier.

A man with rat and mouse traps hung all over him turned aside as he came up Jefferson avenue yesterday to speak to a man who stood at the door of a clothing store.

"Want any traps?" he asked, as he began to remove a part of his load to the side-walk. "I was here two years ago, and I think I sold you a rat-trap. Didn't it work as I guaranteed?"

The man at the door looked straight across the street and was silent.

"This trap is something new. It is provided with an everlasting bait, as you see. As soon as a rat is caught this spring flies loose, the rodent is knocked in the head and his dead body goes out of this aperture. It's a self-baiter and self-feeder, and I can make the price thirty cents."

The clothing man seemed unaware of the other's presence, but the stranger lifted up a mouse-trap and continued:

"Here is something new in mouse-traps, as you may perceive. Heretofore no trap has been placed on the market which has given perfect satisfaction. The mice either refuse to be caught, or escape after capture. Please observe the mechanism of this trap."

The clothier heaved a deep sigh as he looked up at the heavens, but he seemed to believe himself alone on earth.

"I estimate the number of rats and mice in a shanty like this at 4,285. Some go and some come, but that is about the average. The damage they do can not be placed at less than $1.50 per day. You can easily figure what that is for a month or a year. I guarantee that two traps, costing you only fifty-five cents, will clean the place. Come, now, what do you say?"

He didn't say any thing.

"Will you suffer a loss of $500 per year or invest the trifling sum of fifty-five cents in traps?"

No answer.

"Business economy replies that you will take the traps, of course, and here they are. I wanted to say to you, but forgot it, that there is nothing complicated about these traps. Here is the working principle—see?"

But he didn't see.

"It's all in this spring. What the bait is composed of is a secret, but between you and me rats and mice cry for it. I don't suppose you have any conscientious scruples about destroying rats and mice, eh?"

He didn't say.

"Some folks have, but I regard it more in the light of a silly superstition. Where shall I put the traps? Perhaps you want me to set them for you?"

"My freadt," said the other, as he suddenly turned around, "do you vhant a new suit of clothes?"

"New clothes—no. My object in coming here was to sell"——

"I gif you dot pair of pants for two dollar, und I warrant him all wool."

"My object in coming here, as I set out to say, was to"——

"Or, if you like a coat, you take him along mit de pants for fife dollar. You get no such bargain in Detroit."

"I set out to tell you that my sole object in"——

"Vhell, take der west, too, und make der whole suit at der same price. It vhas hardt times mit me, und I must shave down prices."

"I set out to tell"——

"Dot vhas sheap. Nobody else gives sooch prices. Every body tells how sheap I sells goods."

The rat-trap man picked up his wares and backed into the middle of the street and began:

"As I set out to say, my ob"——

"Vhell, I throw in a hat mit der suit!" interrupted the dealer. "I haf too much stock on handt and must reduce."

The two stood and looked at each other for a moment in silence, and then the rat-trap man turned away with a weary air and began his journey anew.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CURRENT FASHIONS.

Points on Various Topics in Which Women Are Interested.

Every body wears bracelets now.

Pendants of all kinds remain in favor.

There is strong talk of reviving cuff pins.

Lace pins are made to resemble tiny violins or guitars.

House dresses made of French cashmere will continue in favor.

The tendency to tight lacing again is becoming painfully evident.

The lavish display of good jewelry is one of the signs of the times.

Imported wraps, like imported dresses, show many rich combinations.

Tailor suits are made in striped, also checked goods, with habit basque and drapery full at the back.

Entirely new and very graceful are flower pins that represent bunches of sprays of flowers with long, flexible stems.

Some epicures claim that grated Parmesan or Gruyere cheese should always be handed round with clear soups, for it improves many of them.

Hematite, mounted in fine gold settings, has come to be recognized as a standard article in jewelry for second mourning and for elderly people.

In sleeve buttons the single button and the link are running a neck-to-neck race. Some manufacturers claim that the regular button for men's wear is the winning one; others claim an increased demand for the link buttons. The true facts in the case appear to be that young men affect the links, while middle-aged and elderly men choose the single button; ladies for the most part prefer single buttons of small to medium size.—*N. Y. World.*

—The first synagogue in this country to be devoted to the use of Hungarians was dedicated recently in New York. The building is on Norfolk street, near Houston. It will hold fifteen hundred people. It was purchased from another Hebrew congregation for $55,000. The organ has been removed, and the edifice will be strictly in keeping with orthodox Jewish places of worship hereafter.—*N. Y. Mail.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—E. W. Bull, of Concord, Mass., who originated the Concord grape in 1849, still flourishes in his vine-yard in that town.

—Mrs. A. T. Stewart is in some respects a remarkable woman. She has no pets, no lap robes and no valet, according to a Saratoga correspondent.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A woman, Mlle. Beaury-Saurel, won the first prize at the recent exhibition at Versailles, and her talent is so marked that she is already proclaimed the successor of Rosa Bonheur.

—Henri Marteau, an eleven-year-old violinist, was recently presented by the municipality of his native city, Rheims, with a golden palm-leaf suitably inscribed. The young prodigy is at present giving concerts in Berlin.

—Every time Mark Twain has a new baby born in his home he celebrates the event by erecting a stone watering-trough for horses, somewhere on the road leading to his summer home at Elmira, N. Y.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Mrs. Evarts, the wife of the New York Senator, is described as a queenly woman in her domestic sphere or in social duty, and closely resembles the portrait of Martha Washington which hangs in the east room of the White House.

—One book a year is all I care to write now. My life work is nearly at an end. I was just figuring this morning to see how many volumes I had published, and I find the total number to be one hundred and thirteen. My first book appeared in 1853.—*Oliver Optic.*

—A golden and silver wedding were celebrated in the family of Franklin Weston, of St. Louis, the other night. Mr. and Mrs. Weston celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, and their son Justin his twenty-fifth at the same time and in the same place.—*St. Louis Post.*

—George W. Cable, the novelist, was born left-handed, but has learned to use his right, and so is ambi-dextrous. He writes with either hand, usually making the first draft of a novel with his left hand and copying it for the printer with his right hand.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Ludwig Carl Sopus Iser, singularly called Barney McCarthy for convenience, is a native of Denmark, and was a seafaring man up to 1865, circumnavigating the globe several times. In that year he settled in Galveston, Tex., and since then has increased in weight from 120 to 448 pounds.

—Right Rev. J. H. D. Wingfield, now missionary Bishop of Northern California (but Bishop-elect of Easton, Md.), is a Virginian by birth, and at the outbreak of the war was stationed at Norfolk. In 1862 some language used by him was considered treasonable by an officer then in command of the city, and he was compelled, with others, to sweep the streets as a punishment. He was for many years rector of St. Paul's Church at Petersburg, Va.—*Baltimore American.*

HUMOROUS.

—When a man buys a porous plaster he generally sticks to his bargain.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—The bicycle is older than is generally imagined. A generation or more ago we used to sing, "Turn about, and wheel about and jump Jim Crow."—*Boston Post.*

—Somebody says that "one who has lost his presence of mind with his clothes on fire should be thrown down." A better plan would be to put him out.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An agricultural exchange thinks that the old-fashioned plow is soon destined to become a thing of the past. We have often thought it was being ran into the ground.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—It is said that the human race is destined to be bald and toothless. This need not alarm the people seriously. A great many have been born that way, and the race is none the worse for it.—*Lowell Times.*

—It has been discovered that the flaming meteor which fell in an Ohio town a few days ago was nothing but a switch which a red-haired girl had dropped from a third-story window.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

—A Jubilee Judge—"Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?" Criminal—"Yes, your honor, this is the fiftieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"I'm afraid that son of mine will bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, if I live so long," said a lady to a sympathetic friend. "Don't be afraid, ma," said her young hopeful. "Sooner than have that happen I'll take your hair out of the drawer some night and burn it."—*The Judge.*

—"Johnson," inquired Jones, "in what respect do a board bill and a bill board resemble each other?" "Both generally pretty high," responded Johnson. "That isn't exactly the answer I'd thought of," said Jones, with a sigh, "but because they're both hard to jump."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—"It's got to come," said the solemn man, solemnly straining away at the handle of a door. "What has got to come?" excitedly asked a dozen bystanders, rushing up. "Christmas!" said the solemn man, solemnly, letting go the door handle. And the bystanders rushed down again.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Johnny Fizzletop's mother put him in the corner because he would not say "please." After he had been there awhile she wanted to make him useful in running an errand. "You may come out now, Johnny," she said in a flute-like voice. "Not until you say please, mother," was the reply of the little boy.—*Boston Budget.*

—New York Mamma—"Oh, yes, indeed, Algernon is getting on splendidly on the stage." Friend—"What did he say when he wrote last?" New York Mamma—"You will excuse the pardonable pride of the dear boy when I tell you he stated he was on his uppers." Friend—"On his uppers?" New York Mamma—"Yes—er—that is—I suppose on the upper rounds of the ladder of fame."—*Tid-Bits.*